

## FOOTBALL TOPICS.

Comparative Scores Fail Absolutely as Guide to Critics.

## TWO VERY STRONG PLAYERS.

Football Strategy Compared to Methods of Experts Who Devise Engines of Actual Warfare—Field Goals Increase in Number.

The results of football games this season have practically ended forever the practice of attempting to forecast the outcome of contests, according to comparative scores. It has always been difficult in football to figure the strength of teams on a comparative score basis, but not within the knowl-

## ELLEN TERRY'S COOKING.

How She Learned to Be a Good Housekeeper.

At twenty-one years of age Ellen Terry had been on the stage long enough to feel the necessity of a long vacation. In a little sketch of her life she goes to those six years of the simple life with much delight.

"Actors must take care of themselves and their voices, husband their strength for the evening's work, and when it is over they are too tired to do anything. For the first time I was able to put all my energies into a living. Charles Lamb says, I think, that when he left the East India House he felt embarrassed by the vast estates of time at his disposal and wished that he had a battle to manage them, but I knew no such embarrassment. I began gardening, 'the purest of human pleasures.' I learned to work and in time cooked very well, though my first essay in the difficult art was rewarded with dire and complete failure.

"It was a chicken. Now, as all the chickens had names—Sultan, Duke, Lord Tom Noddy, Lady Tumble and so forth—and as I was very proud of them as living birds, it was a great wrench to kill one at all, to start with. It was the murder of Sultan, not the killing of a chicken. However, at last it was done and Sultan deprived of his feathers, floured and trussed. I had no idea how this was all done, but I tried to make him sit up nicely like the chickens in the shops.

"He came up to the table looking magnificent—as large as any turkey.

"Hasn't this chicken rather an odd smell?" said our visitor.

"How can you?" I answered. "It must be quite fresh—it's Sultan!"

"However, when we began to carve the smell grew more and more potent. 'I had cooked Sultan without taking out his innards!'

"There was no dinner that day except bread sauce, beautifully made; well cooked vegetables and pastry like the foam of the sea. I had a wonderful hand for pastry."

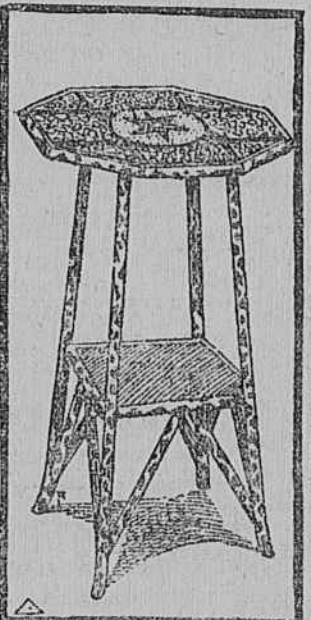
## SAVE BROKEN CHINA.

Order Brought Out of the Chaos of Bits of China.

Here is what a thrifty housewife has to say about utilizing broken bits of china:

"I was always averse to throwing any china away and so one day found I did with them? A happy thought struck me. Why not piece all together in a crazy pattern and so form a surface for a table?"

"I bought one of those inexpensive bamboo tables you can get for 50 or 75 cents and found it answered very



well. A bamboo table has the edge raised all around and so forms a bed for the china, bringing it level with the edges.

"Now for commencing the work. 'Take some putty and mold it well leaving no hard lumps. To this add a small piece and cover a small portion of the table, beginning at the corners and working toward the middle. Next press the pieces of china close together, leaving a small ridge of putty between, which must be leveled with a knife.

"An old table knife is the best. Select five of the best pieces for the corners and the center, matching them if possible.

"Keep the table level. Thicker pieces of china will have to be pressed down harder. When finished, leave to harden and fill up all cracks with more putty. When this is done, gild the putty with Judson gold.

"The success of the table depends a great deal on what kind of china you use. The better the china the better the table.

"I found some of my best pieces in all sorts of odd places. One very pretty piece showing an old fashioned garden I found on the beach at the seashore. If you can manage to get any of your friends in the service to give you a piece of the 'mess' china, which often gets broken, it will greatly add to your collection."

Use For Pumice Stone.

A woman who always has fragrant bureau drawers accounts for it by her use of pumice stone saturated with her favorite perfume in place of the usual transitory odor of the fancy sachet.

## Little Stories About Ball Players

## Outfielder Kay's Repartee.

When the slacker Kay joined the Washington outfit he hardly looked to be the unconscious wit that he afterward turned out to be.

The rest of the bunch, on account of Kay's manner and his general disinclination to talk, thought that the big fellow was a "farmer," and some of the players in a jovial mood attempted to kid the big fellow.

One day Case Patten, in a joking sort of way, said to Kay: "And so, my robust friend, I understand that you came from Martinsburg, W. Va."

"Sure, I did," shot back Kay as he looked Patten over, "and wouldn't you?"

## Al Selbach's Bon Mot.

Al Selbach, who played on the Washington team years ago, is in the clothing business in Columbus, Ohio. In the off season, and rumor states that the genial Al and his brother do the retail trade during the snow-biting portion of the year.

The other day George Carey, known to Washington baseball fans as "Skeets" Carey, and who is now a resident of East Liverpool, Ohio, the birthplace of the popular Charles Hickman, was in Columbus, and he stopped in Al Selbach's store in order to purchase a suit of clothes.

George bought the clothes all right, but the next day, being in a kidding humor, he and Billy Cramer, another ball player, dropped into Selbach's store, when Carey said to Al:

"Look here, Rip, that suit of clothes I bought of you yesterday was a bum fit."

"Well, what do you expect for \$15?" cried Al, "a first-class attack of epilepsy?"

## Artie Latham's Crack.

When Chris Von der Ahe was running the St. Louis club he had his work cut out for him and no mistake, for, with the bunch of Indians who were working for this eccentric though good-natured German, Chris' time was always occupied in trying to keep the lot straight.

One day, when Cliff Carroll had failed to show up and Focarty had one of his grouchy spells, Chris, with his face flushed with anger and shouting out a dialect that would have convulsed a vaudeville audience with laughter, happened to run against the clever Artie Latham as he came into the baseball yard.

"Now, Artie, was the bane of Chris' life, although it is doubtful if there ever was another ball player who worked for Chris who stood as high in the German manager's esteem as did Artie Latham. But on this particular day he grabbed hold of Latham and exclaimed:

"Mein Gott, Artie Latham, you ball players will give me brain fever if you keeps on!"

"You'll never have that," cried Artie, "because you wouldn't have any place to put it, Chris," he added, and he swiftly ducked a short right arm jolt that Von der Ahe swung in his direction.

## When Hassamer Got Riled.

When Bill Hassamer and the illustrious "Piggy" Ward played with the Washington club a dozen or more years ago they were inseparable.

The only known occasion when these masterminds fell out was the time that Bill Hassamer accepted an invitation to be the referee at a dog fight which was to be pulled off at the Brightwood Driving Park.

As the massive Mr. Ward has not received a similar bid he was envious of Hassamer, with whom he had played the same season down in Chattanooga.

Tom Brown, who is still a resident of the city and who in those days was an excellent outfielder, was standing at the entrance gate talking to Ward and Ed Deleahanty of the Philadelphia club, when who should walk up all dressed in his best but Bill Hassamer.

Ward was plainly surprised at the appearance of his old kumbe and a little bit jealous, for when Hassamer walked into the park Ward, drawing his face up into scorn, exclaimed:

"I say, Bill, what are you doing all dressed up in your Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes?"

"Why," replied Bill, in an airy style of conversation, "I am going out to Brightwood to a dog fight."

"And do you think you will win?" cried Ward.

And just at that moment Tom Brown and Ed Deleahanty inserted their athletic bodies between the two ball players, and so there was no bloodshed.

What Tom Hughes Told Cantillon. Just after the new clubhouse was finished out at the Nationals' ball grounds Cantillon gave strict orders that the players must refrain from abusing the interior of the tastefully appearing place.

Everything being new and attractive, Joe, who has an eye for the beautiful, wished to keep the clubhouse in a first-class condition.

Joe's instructions were obeyed to the letter for the first two weeks, and then the spike shoe fraternity got into a careless mood and acted pretty nearly in an independent manner as they had when occupying the old clubhouse that was burned down the night of the lively stable fire.

Joe noticed this by reason of the fact that he would discover the amber-colored juice from chewing tobacco spattered over the floor, and also that the paint on the walls was defaced in several places.

Joe fumed, but he was unable to trace the culprits, until one morning he came into the clubhouse somewhat before his usual hour, and found the elegant Mr. Hughes, the box artist, sitting back in a chair with his feet against the wall while he was squinting tobacco juice around like a geyser working overtime.

This was the manager's chance, and

he started in to read the riot act to Tom Hughes.

But he had unloaded only a few choice expletives when Hughes arose and with a sweep of his salary wing, he cried out:

"Look here, Joe Cantillon, there is only one person whom I will allow to talk to me like that."

"And who is that?" shrieked Joe, as his eyes sparkled.

"Yourself," sweetly replied Hughes, as he stepped out into the grounds, leaving Cantillon so flabbergasted by his unexpected reply that Tom was over by the right-field seats before Joe had recovered.

## "Pop" Foster's Reassuring Words.

About six months ago, when the Washington club was located out in the eastern section of the city, it had a young pitcher drafted from a Southern league club by the name of Clarke. He was the most ferocious reader of bloodcurdling literature that it has been the writer's fortune to discover. Evidently he aspired to become a Deadwood Dick, for he was always declaring that he made a mistake by becoming a ball player.

Of course such talk never appealed to one of the spike shoe lads, who have their profession to be as honorable as any. So when Clarke began to spout about being above the business he failed to make a hit with the other fellows.

One day Charlie, Bill Carriek and "Pop" Foster were sitting on the steps of the clubhouse when Clarke opened up with:

"My father begged me not to go away and become a ball player."

"Well," said Foster as he eyed the young Southerner, "I needn't lose a minute's sleep about that."

And as a coincidence, the next day the lamenting Mr. Clarke was terminated by Tom Loftis, then the manager of the local club.

## What Rohe Told Altrack.

As every one who is acquainted with baseball players must know, Nick Altrack, the clever Chicago pitcher, is one of the most loquacious boys on the diamond.

Nick is talking all the time, and as Charley Comiskey says, the only time that Nick is quiet is when he is asleep.

Of course Altrack's conversation is mostly of the kidding order; and he is a good-natured kidder at that.

Just before the close of the recent baseball season, when it was seen that the Chicago club, which had been picked all over the country to win out, the majority of the members of the team could not talk much among themselves as to why the club had not beaten the Detroit outfit to the finish.

Loudest among the players of the Windy city club when it came to talking over the affair was the irrepressible Nick Altrack.

One night the Chicago players were in a certain hotel over in Philadelphia, and after Nick had had the floor for the big part of the night young Rohe tried to him with a weary expression on his cherubic countenance and exclaimed:

"It's a pity, Nick, that you're not a violinist."

"Why?" cried Nick, in a puzzled manner.

"Because then," replied Rohe, "you could give your chin an excellent rest."

## One of the Waddell's.

Rube Waddell, who has received more advertising than any other ball player since Bill Kelly and Arlie Latham, is gifted with an acute sense of humor, as an of his ball playing companions can testify.

The clever George Edward is a fellow of many puns, and no one can be found who could be willing to testify on oath at the big Rube is not eccentric, "he speedy pitcher is also witty in his eccentricity."

As a gay cup the big Philadelphia twirler has no peer. He stands alone in a class.

Last August, when the Athletics were playing in Washington, during their practice on George Edward Waddell was cited in carrying on his monkey chins, much to the delight of the spectators, when Dr. Mike Powers if laughingly asked Rube:

"What the heck makes you so foolish, Ed?"

"I don't kn," replied Waddell, "except it can about through my father making us sleep under a crazy quilt when I was a boy."

Ty Cobb's Disadvantage.

Ty Cobb, the nifty kid when it comes to the swarting business, has one ambition besides being a crack baseball player. He wants to be a good clog dancer.

Ty spends a lot of his spare time in learning fancy steps, and 'tis said that the clever Southern ball player is really a finished artist in the style of dancing that appeals to him.

But of course baseball associates have fun at a kid's expense, and although they know that he is really a clever performer in the jig line, yet he would like the last person to hear it from them.

Just before the world's championship series, a while the Detroit club was rest for those nerve-racking game, Ty Cobb was one morning going through some fantastic steps, when Sam Crawford happened to come into the room.

"What do you of those foot movements, Sam," cried Cobb, as he went through some airy steps for the edification of his big teammate.

"You'd be a sw dancer, Ty," said Sam, in the slow manner he has of saying, "were I for two things."

"And what I two things are they?" cried Cobb as he paused.

"Your feet," cried Crawford, as

he hastily backed out of the room.

## Coughlin's Confession.

Charley Hickman, Doc White and Bill Coughlin were all taking dinner at a Chicago hotel one day last summer, when Doc White, who happened to be doing the honors, turned to Bill Coughlin and said:

"Do you like corn on the ear, Mr. William?"

"I don't know," replied Coughlin, in an absent-minded way, "I never had one there."

## What Monte Cross Broke.

Monte Cross, for many years with Conkle Mackay Athletics, is the possessor of a really fine tenor voice, and as he has paid a good many dollars for its cultivation he has reason to be proud of the tone and caliber of his vocal organs.

Monte declared last summer that he was going on the vaudeville stage this winter, and his threat was responsible for his being made the butt for a lot of joshing on the part of his fellow clubmen. One day Schreck said to Monte:

"I hear, Monte, that you are going to do a warbling stunt on the Keith circuit the coming season."

"Well, and what if I am?" exclaimed the shortstop, as he took a hitch in his trousers. "I think I am capable of delivering the goods, Oase. I once broke the record in singing a tenor solo when Del Puente was teaching me right here in this town."

"Oh, I see," airily cried Schreck, "you were singing in his phonograph, eh?"

## What Dan Was.

Little Dan, the happy-go-lucky custodian at the Washington baseball grounds, is noted for the brightness of his remarks. He made a genuine hit with Manager Cantillon when the latter first came to this city.

When Joe assumed the managerial reins he had a talk with all the employees at the grounds. When he came up to Dan, who had been about the park for the past twenty years, he said to him:

"And what capacity are you employed in, my friend?"

"I'm a diamond cutter," shot back Dan.

"A diamond cutter," gasped the amazed Cantillon, "and what then are you doing around here?" he asked.

"Oh, I cut the grass," merrily cried Dan.

## George Stone on Hamlet.

Niles of the St. Louis club, who is said to figure in a deal by which he will perform at New York next season, is a graduate from a college which is noted for the attention it pays to matters of a classical nature, and partly on account of this and by reason of the fact that Niles has a deep-seated liking of many years' standing for things relating to the classics, he is considered about the best authority on plays of a classical nature that can be found among the baseball players.

Young Niles never tires discussing the plays of Shakespeare, although some of his comrades, who are possessed of different compositions, do get a bit tired sometimes.

Now, if any one takes George Stone for a Shakespearean scholar, he makes a mistake, for George much prefers a musical comedy or a light opera to all the plays that the immortal "William" ever wrote.

When the St. Louis club was on its last trip to the eastern cities during the season just finished, and when it was quartered in Washington, Niles, George Stone, Charley Hemphill and a reporter for a local paper were all seated together in a downtown hotel, when the reporter and Niles got to talking about Shakespeare.

As the two men rattled along it was plainly to be seen that big Stone was getting restless, while Charley Hemphill politely tried to frame up a look of interest. Finally Niles said:

"Well, at any rate, Shakespeare unnecessarily murdered Hamlet."

"Well, if he did," broke in George Stone, "he ought to be mighty sorry for it by this time as there's many a Hamlet that has murdered Shakespeare since."

## Dave Fultz's Success in College.

When Dave Fultz was playing ball a few years ago he was visited by a brother, who adored his big, handsome ball-playing brother, and who was forever telling about some instance that had occurred when Dave was still gleaming knowledge from school books.

One of the older brother's stories dealt with the time that Dave was going to Brown University.

It seems that the big brother and the father had taken a little flying trip up to see the future ball player, and at this time Dave had made the position of fullback on the varsity football team.

The two had arrived in Providence just after Brown University had trimmed Amherst, and in consequence the student body of the victorious college were celebrating.

Among a crowd of hefty college athletes who were whooping things a bit and who were singing college songs at the top of their voices as they came swinging down Waterman street, was Dave Fultz. He caught sight of his kinsfolk just as they had described his athletic figure.

Rushing up to his father and brother, Dave threw himself into their arms and began to tell them how glad he was to see them.

When he had exhausted himself in greetings his father asked Dave:

"And now, David, tell me how you are getting along in college."

"Oh, fine," gleefully cried Dave. "Why, father," he continued, "in the last three football games I have kicked four field goals."

## —REVERE RODGERS.

For a nice grade of paper at a medium price, get Carthage Road. You will like it. WARWICK PRINTING CO., INC., 211 25th St. Bell Phone 10-20-11

## CLOSING... of the

## Jamestown Exposition!

The Last Opportunity to See This Beautiful World's Fair!

Nov. 28th, Thanksgiving Day  
SPECIAL SERVICES IN AUDITORIUM AT 11:30 A. M. FOOTBALL GAMES IN AFTERNOON. SIGMA PHI EPSILON DAY.  
Grand College Ball at Convention Hall.

November 30th, Closing Day  
CHILDREN'S CARNIVAL DAY. TILTING TOURNAMENT ON LEE'S PARADE.

## Closing Ceremonies

ILLUMINATIONS OF GROUNDS TURNED OFF. GRAND CHRYSAETHUM BALL AT CONVENTION HALL.

Two Grand Free Concerts Daily  
AFTERNOON AND EVENING BY  
Ellery's Italian Band

Monday Evening, Light Opera; Tuesday Evening, Grand Verdi Night; Wednesday Evening, Grand Opera; Thursday Evening, Grand French Night; Friday Evening, German and Italian Music, Saturday Evening, Grand Farewell Night.

SONG RECITALS AND ORGAN RECITALS AT THE AUDITORIUM EVERY AFTERNOON.  
THE LAST OPPORTUNITY TO SEE THIS BEAUTIFUL EXPOSITION.

DO NOT MISS THE CHANCE

## COAL! WOOD!

## WE HANDLE

All sizes of ANTHRACITE; best grades of New River, Red Ash and Kanawha Splint Coals. Newly mined, well screened and under shed.

Dry Oak and Pine Wood  
Equipped to handle your business promptly.  
Your Patronage solicited.

W. R. DAVIS, Successor to W. V. Orard  
Bell Phone 125. City Phone 123.

## NOTICE

MATERIAL THE BEST  
MIXED THE BEST  
ALWAYS THE BEST  
IT EATS THE BEST  
DEMANDS THE BEST  
IT SELLS THE BEST.

Eat Jennings' Butter Bread  
It is the best—and save your tags. They will get the best prizes.

HEALTH FOOD BAKERY  
Washington Avenue and Thirty-first Street.

Are You Troubled  
With inefficient service and unsatisfactory laundry work?

CALL UP  
Hotel Warwick  
Laundry  
119 24th STREET  
Phone No. 10

We Remedy Such Troubles

Freight, Baggage  
Furniture and  
Safes  
Carefully and  
Promptly Moved

Virginia  
Transportation Co.  
Storage Warehouse  
314-520 27th St.  
REASONABLE RATES

After others fail, the German Trustee is the only cure.  
Prof. G. F. THEEL, 527 1/2 N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa. "A Despatch" article, July 1907, says: "Theel is a specialist in America. Numerous cures are made by mail. Private Offices, 527 1/2 N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa. (at the corner of 10th and Market Sts.)" "Theel is a specialist in America. Numerous cures are made by mail. Private Offices, 527 1/2 N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa. (at the corner of 10th and Market Sts.)" "Theel is a specialist in America. Numerous cures are made by mail. Private Offices, 527 1/2 N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa. (at the corner of 10th and Market Sts.)"

For a nice grade of paper at a medium price, get Carthage Road. You will like it. WARWICK PRINTING CO., INC., 211 25th St. Bell Phone 10-20-11

For a nice grade of paper at a medium price, get Carthage Road. You will like it. WARWICK PRINTING CO., INC., 211 25th St. Bell Phone 10-20-11

For a nice grade of paper at a medium price, get Carthage Road. You will like it. WARWICK PRINTING CO., INC., 211 25th St. Bell Phone 10-20-11